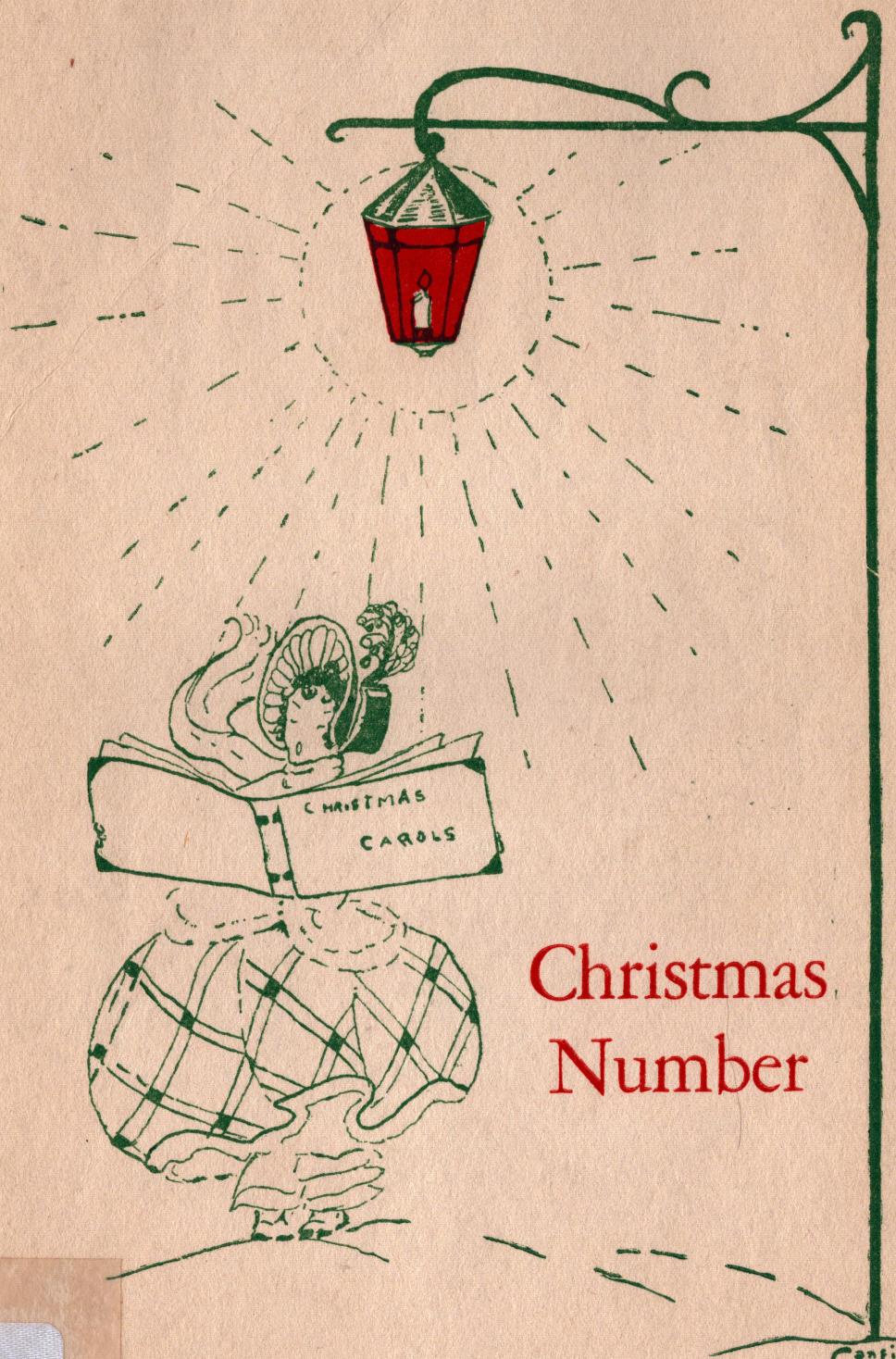
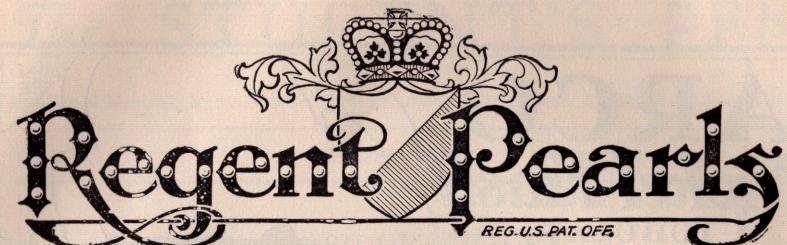


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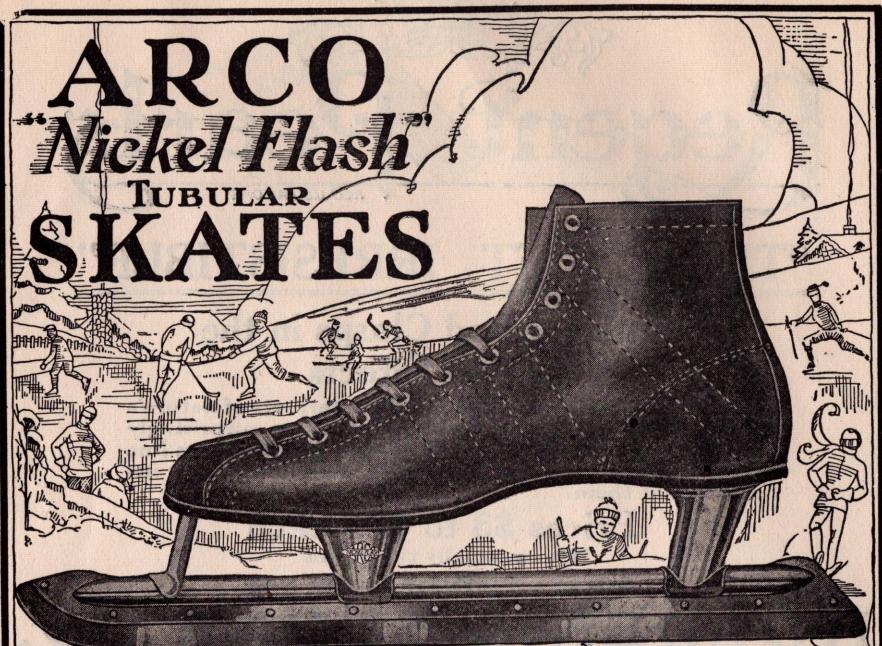
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O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

Phillips Brooks.



EDITORIAL

R.M.L.

Christmas Spirit

HURRAH! Winter is here once again! Leaving spring, summer, and autumn in its wake, the coldest season of the year has come, bringing with it its familiar blanket of snow, which covers the ground with pure whiteness, as if hiding the shame and guilt of the earth. Eleven long months have passed and soon the twelfth will be but a memory. Another year will have been toiled through and heads will lift once more to begin the new term with a stronger determination and resolve.

But before December flees, there will be celebrated the most joyous and the merriest of all holidays. The preparations and plans for Memorial Day, Independence Day, or even Armistice Day cannot be compared with those for Christmas. Interest in the approaching holiday is aroused by the first flakes of snow, and it reaches a higher and higher pitch as the twentieth days of the month draw near. Everyone, old and young alike, is caught in the Christmas spirit which is manifested in the laughing, expectant faces of eager children, in the bustling of the multitudes, in the breathless admiration of the time-worn stories of the "jolly little man with a long white beard and a merry twinkle in his eyes."

Yet perhaps the most evident signs of Christmas are brought out in the holly, the evergreens, and the thrilling pines. Marion Francis Brown very apparently believed in holly and mistletoe for she once wrote:

Hang up the mistletoe,
Twine round the holly!
This is the time to laugh and be jolly.
So pile up the Yule, Friend,
And give us your hand,
For Christmas is caroling over the land.

And, indeed, Christmas is the time for jolly, good fun, together with the remembrance of the blessings and treasures the last year has brought, and the hope of the ones the future years are to bring.

Christmas Music

HOW strange Christmas would be if we did not once hear the strains of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" or "The First Noel" or of some other carol which we dearly love. We would find something intangible, some of the spirit of the season, missing.

Music in church services is one form of worship. When we sing our hymns of praise to the New Born Child, we sing with a fervor which is not accorded to any other personage in history. No hero has had so much adoration bestowed upon him as the Christ Child.

Many people are not able to catch the spirit of the season except by means of music. Perhaps they receive a little thrill when carollers go singing through the streets on Christmas Eve. Who knows the comfort that comes to saddened hearts from the harmonious strains?

When next you hear these Christmas hymns, do not say, "I am tired of hearing these songs," for deep in your heart, you too love the familiar Christmas carols; they are a very real part of the spirit of Christmas.

Margaret S. Moore.

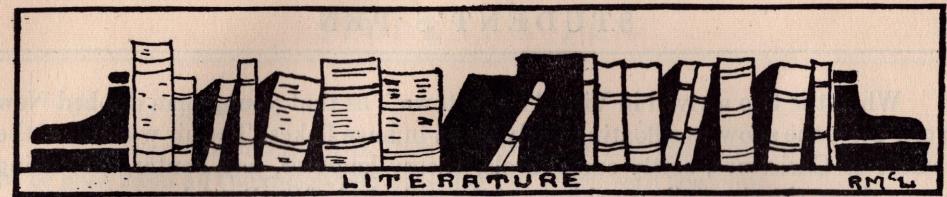
Pines

TALL, straight, slender pines, laden with the winter's first, fine snow, lifted their graceful branches heavenward. Beneath them, smaller pines, still untried against the storms and tempests, crouched, protected by their worthy sires. In the background enormous oaks stood outlined in the radiant rays of the December moon. The entire scene was wrapt in an unbroken silence as if all nature were sleeping, and the pines, as yet untouched by harmful hands, were monarchs of the still, white night.

But, as no earthly king can rule forever, so also the realm of beauty was destroyed. The lordly evergreens, at the height of their glory, were bereft of their branches, and the smaller trees were cut to supply millions of people with Christmas decorations. Business houses and private homes grew beautiful with green boughs, and the trees, their former jewels of snow and icicles gone forever, became gay with lights and tinsel. Beautiful, indeed, they were, but only for a while, for their former stateliness and grace and yes, their very lives were slowly ebbing away. For this one moment of glory they had lived. Was it worth the cost?

Yet what joy and happiness they had helped to create in thousands of homes and how much they had added to the spirit of Christmas. Eager children, rosy cheeked and shining eyed, with their childish voices lifted in laughter and glee, grew even more excited and more happy at the sight of those trees. Indeed, the mission of the pines had been accomplished, for they, with their beauty and splendor, had instilled gaiety and merriment in the hearts of others.

A. R. Pomeroy.



His Last Chance

GARTH WINDSLOW sat gazing drearily out of the window. There was nothing out there in that sparkling mass of snow to make him look so forlorn, nor was there anything in his room to make him feel gloomy or downcast. Garlands of evergreen and cunningly concealed mistletoe showed that busy hands had been preserving the holiday spirit. But Garth felt none of the joy and good fellowship Christmas deserves, for he was one of those poor unfortunates who seem always to be out of place in school, college, and society.

Just a brief half hour ago, Vincent Richards and pretty Gloria Norman had come to trim his room. But, again, they had not even heeded his desire to help.

Gloria, perched prettily on top of the ladder, had said, laughingly, "Go, sit down, Garth, before you knock the ladder over."

Always it had been this way. Everyone took it for granted that he was clumsy and slow, and so he had just been dropped.

He had made the mistake of being a bookworm, shy and reserved, his first year at college. The fellows couldn't or wouldn't understand him and the girls thought him queer and rather simple.

Now, he was a senior and he was going home with Vincent for the Christmas holidays. He didn't know why Vin had asked him and he didn't care much either.

"Perhaps," he thought miserably, "Vin is sorry for me. I can think of no other reason why he should ask me when Jim Morley would have been so much better."

"Hey! Come out of it. Eureka! You look like the tail-end of a funeral," yelled Vincent, dashing unannounced into the room. "Say, jazz out of it and begin packing your suitcase. Sis says you're to bring your dress suit. There's a dance on Christmas night."

"Oh, have you got a sister?" asked Garth idly.

"Got a sister? I should so say. She wanted me to bring a fellow home from college with me to meet one Persis Coventry, that Sis is bringing home with her. I picked on you. Sis has invited Gloria, too, so she'll be travelling down on the train with us."

"Oh."

Garth groaned silently. That meant he'd be out of it from the beginning.

Darn fool, Vin, to ask him to meet a girl. He ought to know that he wasn't a ladies-man. On the contrary, he decided then and there, he was a woman hater. With these thoughts Garth savagely flung his clothes into the suitcase.

It was as he had anticipated. Gloria, deeming him too dull, tho, as she admitted to herself, far too handsome to roam unclaimed, gave herself over to entertaining Vincent, who was not at all loath to be entertained by her.

When the trio arrived in Vin's "home town", as that young man dubbed New York City, the snow was floating lazily down in huge flakes. The air was full of the sounds of Christmas, softly sung carols, cheery laughter, gay banter, and rising above these, the clear, silvery chimes of the cathedral of St. Patrick.

At Vincent's home preparations were in full swing for a gay and happy Christmas.

Barbara, Vin's sister, welcomed them home and introduced Garth to Persis. Garth had a hard time remembering that he was a confirmed woman hater, for Persis was beautiful with her merry, brown eyes and her soft hair, caught in a heavy, burnished coil at the nape of her slender neck.

"We're going to bring our Christmas basket to old Mrs. Murphy this afternoon. And we're going to decorate her house with holly and trim a little tree for her this year," Barbara announced breathlessly.

"Yes," continued Persis, "you're going to take us in the car, Vin."

"Oh, I say, I've promised to go shopping with Glory. Say," to Garth, who was standing looking on evidently forgotten, "you take them, will you, old chap?"

"I, take them? Why, I— —," Garth began.

"Oh, please," Persis begged softly.

"Oh, all right," he gave in unwillingly.

"We'd better start then, because we've got to go and get some holly and chop down a small tree first," called Barbara as she started off for her wraps.

"Babs, you can't do that," protested Vincent.

"Well, why not?" Barbara was plainly annoyed and she showed it. "I won't buy them, so there. Half the fun is in getting them. Besides, we've got the whole afternoon anyway."

"I know, but you'll have to drive about fifty miles or more before you can get anything that looks like holly."

"I don't care. We're going," his sister retorted. "Come on Persis." And they ran gaily from the room.

"Useless to argue with a woman," Vin grumbled. "They're all so darn obstinate. Can't tell them any— —."

"What did you say, Vin?" asked Gloria with dangerous sweetness.

"Er—eh—nothing. Let's go if you're ready." Then, as Gloria was out of earshot, "Good luck, old man. I certainly can't say I envy you."

Garth heard them laughing as they went down the hall. Vin's big, hearty laughter and Gloria's high, sweet laughter mingling pleasantly together. How he dreaded the afternoon! Alone with two girls. One was bad enough, but two! Wonderful beginning for a woman hater.

"Garth, Garth," Persis was calling.

"Well?" he answered coldly.

"Help me with this basket, please. It's terribly heavy" Persis appeared, staggering under the heavy load.

Garth hurried to assist her.

"Where's Bar—?"

"Barbara?" she interrupted. "Outside with the car. Evidently she's impatient to be gone from all the racket she's making out there with the horn."

And she ran lightly out followed by Garth, who stowed away the baskets and tucked the girls in, all the time maintaining silence.

Barbara insisted that he drive, and for a time he was busy as he skillfully manipulated the speedy, little roadster thru the heavy traffic. They left the busy city behind them and emerged upon a little-travelled road. It still snowed and the air was keen and biting. They sped merrily along, the two girls chatting together, now ignoring Garth, whom they had attempted to inveigle time and again into the conversation. Garth was still self-conscious and so these girls, too, had given him up as hopeless.

The afternoon was waning before they had their first glimpse of the mountains.

"Let's stop here, Garth," cried the excited Persis.

And stop they did for no sooner were the words said than the little car jounced to a halt.

"Well," laughed Barbara, "I can stop it better than that myself."

"But I didn't stop it," contradicted Garth.

"What?" the girls chorused in dismay. Garth was already out of the car and searching under the hood.

"You go and look for your holly while I try to locate the trouble." His voice came muffled but distinct from under the hood.

"Are you sure you won't need any help?" Persis paused to inquire.

Garth straightened up and laughed for the first time that day. She looked so tiny and dainty, standing there offering help.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," and Persis tossed her proud, little head and set off after Barbara.

Garth didn't know how long he tinkered with the engine. Everything appeared O. K. but the car wouldn't budge.

The girls returned laden with holly, panting from exhaustion, and their pretty, vivacious faces whipped to a soft rose by the sharp wind.

"Fixed it yet?" called Barbara.

"Not quite." He dared not tell them yet, that he couldn't find even a hint of the trouble.

As Barbara climbed into the car, her foot accidentally struck the starter. The engine gave a dry, gasping choke and died away. Then they knew what had happened. In horrified silence they stared at one another.

"We're out of gas," Barbara wailed.

The shadows of night were closing in upon them. The wind was sweeping down the mountain, driving particles of snow with stinging force. The girls were frightened. Garth was worried. How far they had come and how long before they would be missed, he did not know. Vin and his people would think that they were at Mrs. Murphy's house.

"You girls stay here in the car. I'm going to look around. Don't you dare move." He found himself, to his great surprise, assuming command. "I'll be back, presently. Cheer up, this is a grand adventure," he added as he plunged into the storm.

Half an hour later they heard him shouting to let them know he was returning. He burst upon them, crying boyishly, "I've found one. I've found one."

"Found what?" asked Persis all interest.

"A cabin. Jump out. We're going up there. I've built a fire, so let's get started. Persis, you take the blanket. Barbara, you take this little basket. I'll take the larger one. Now stick close. You can't see a yard ahead of you." He issued his commands briskly expecting and getting prompt obedience.

They made slow progress stumbling along in the blinding snow, but at last they saw the glow of the fire Garth had built, shining like a welcoming beacon. Thoroughly exhausted, they dragged themselves into the warm depths of the abandoned cabin. They were cold and hungry, and the bulk of the work fell to Garth. He began unpacking the baskets intended for Mrs. Murphy's Christmas.

"Why, what are you going to do, Garth?" Barbara asked.

"Charity begins at home," he laughed. "We're going to eat."

"Eat", cried Barbara. "Why nothing's cooked but the turkey."

"We'll cook them then," he announced cheerily. "I'm famished."

"So are we, but I can't cook," Persis informed him.

"Neither can I," Barbara hastened to add.

"Behold, your majesties, the Chef," and he swept them a mocking bow.

"You! The Chef!"

For some unknown reason this sent the girls into gales of laughter.

Nevertheless, Garth placed the cold turkey near the fire to warm. The potatoes were baked and delicious; steaming coffee was made in an old, discarded coffee pot they had discovered in the cabin. While Barbara set the table, Persis, who had forgotten to leave her bunch of holly in the car, flew about decorating the cabin.

They sat down to their supper in excellent spirits. Even though they had to eat with their fingers and drink from home made paper cups, they enjoyed themselves, regarding this as a novel experience.

Once Persis said, "Just think, we're having Christmas a day ahead of time."

And Barbara answered, "So much the better. We can have two." Then she said, thoughtfully, "I do hope Mother and Dad aren't worrying. This is such fun."

After supper the blanket was spread before the fire and the baskets were emptied of all the sweetmeats, which were placed upon it. Then the three young people sat down and gave themselves up to the joy and novelty of the situation.

Garth lit his pipe and began to talk. He kept the girls in constant fits of laughter with his quaint, humorous stories. To Garth, this evening's adventure meant everything. He realized that his chance was being given to him to prove that his was the right to belong to this set of young people, who had always excluded him as an outsider. He wanted to be one of them. And this was his first and last

chance! He must make good. So he set himself to making these girls feel his personality, his strength of character. He succeeded, for they, forgetting his former coldness, accepted him as one of themselves, teasing him and laughing with and at him.

Outside, the storm was increasing in fury. Garth, glancing at his watch, was horrified to find that it was a quarter past ten! It began to look as tho they might have to spend the night in this lonesome place. But no. A faint call came to his ears as he stood by the partly opened window. Help was coming.

It was Vincent, who found them and hustled them down to the waiting cars. And he, with true brotherly love, was heard to mutter something to Barbara which sounded suspiciously like, "I told you so."

But as Garth helped Persis into the car, that young lady whispered so none but he heard, "You are simply wonderful, Garth."

At last, Garth had come into his own.

Alyce Columbia, '26

Felicia's Christmas Eve

JT was Christmas eve, and Felicia sat regarding the big, open fire with happy eyes, for she was thinking of the morrow and of all the beautiful things that she would receive from Santa Claus. The fire, which was burning brightly, was so warm that it made her very sleepy. Indeed, she was just nodding off to Dreamland, when, lo and behold! there, on the rug in front of the fire, stood a benevolent, little sprite, regarding her with amused eyes.

"Well, well, little girl; going to sleep on Christmas eve when so much is to be done? This will never do. Wake up and come with me."

Too astonished to speak, Felicia arose and went over to the jolly, little sprite, who seized her by the hand, and in a second, up they sailed thru the chimney of the fireplace. When they reached the roof, there stood two big, fat snowballs. But these were far different from ordinary snowballs for they possessed legs. Motioning to Felicia to climb upon one of them, the sprite mounted the other, and away they went at an amazing rate of speed, considering how plump the snowballs were.

On and on they flew over the housetops until at last they came to a most beautiful land. The houses were enormous structures of ice and snow, and from their midst, rose a palace more splendid than anything Felicia had ever imagined. It was pure white and it sparkled in the sunlight as though it were inlaid with diamonds.

"This," said the sprite, "is the Land of the Snow Fairies. The queen wishes to see you."

They mounted the steps of the palace, passed thru the gleaming doors and entered a large reception hall more magnificent than the exterior had been. Enormous pillars of glittering ice upheld the frost be-jewelled roof, and on the floor were spread snow-white rugs made from the skins of polar bears. At the farthest end of the hall stood a throne on which was seated a lovely being, the queen of the

snow fairies. Her garments were radiant with crystals, and on her head was a glittering crown of gold, inlaid with precious stones. She beckoned to Felicia, who had stood as one enchanted, too enraptured with the beauty of the palace and the fairy queen to move. As the child approached, the tiny ruler spoke in a silvery voice, which echoed and re-echoed thru the hall.

"Felicia," she said, "every year we bring a mortal child here to our land, but only if he or she has been very good. This year we have chosen you. My subjects and I wish to present the mortals with a Christmas gift, and to you is given the privilege of choosing it, either these precious stones or dazzling snow, which will delight the hearts of the children. Which will you choose?"

"Oh! snow, snow!" cried Felicia, eagerly.

"Well chosen," said the fairy queen. "For centuries past, every child has chosen snow, and until one child proves more selfish than the others and chooses the baser gift, the children will be happy on Christmas day."

"Merry Christmas, merry Christmas!"

Felicia sat up at the sound of her mother's voice and rubbed her eyes. There she was in her own little bedroom, her mother bending over her, her face wreathed in smiles. Felicia jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Sure enough, the earth, which had been all dull and drab yesterday, was covered with a mantle of gleaming white, the gift of the snow fairies.

Margaret Thomson.

Christmas with the Finnegans

AMR. TOM C. PETERS laid aside his newspaper, reached for his pipe, and glanced at his wife. This good lady finished putting a red initial on a child's handkerchief and then spoke to her husband.

"I suppose you know we're invited over to the Finnegan's for Christmas," she said. Mr. Peters grunted an assent and peered at the calendar to confirm the date. Sure enough! Tomorrow was Christmas. Just at that moment a whoop was heard in the room adjoining and in rushed Helen Peters, aged seven. A curly headed youngster, she was one of the four children with whom the Peters household was blessed. Just now she was completely contented with life, for tomorrow was Christmas and tonight was—well tonight was the night before Christmas.

"Think you can get the children ready in time in the morning, Mary?" asked Peters of his wife. He knew very well that every last one of the children would be ready on the dot, but he wanted to see if his wife was willing to get the four children ready. Good wife that she was, she said she guessed she could, and declared it was very good of the Finnegan's to have invited them over.

The Finnegans were an old Irish couple who lived some distance down the street from the Peters family. With no children of their own, they were as grandparents to the small Peters children. Hardly a holiday passed but what they sent an invitation of some sort to the Peters.

At eight o'clock sharp the next morning, Mr. Peters was aroused from his slumbers by the clanging of the alarm clock. He rolled out of bed and hastily donned

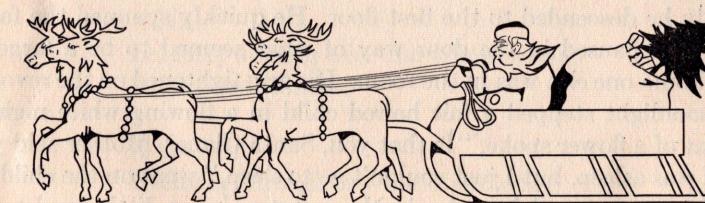
his clothes. He could hear the children somewhere downstairs, joyfully reaping the harvest of Santa's pack. Hurrying into the bathroom for his morning shave, he found Robert, the youngest child, busied with sailing a new toyboat in the bath tub. By the time Peters had eaten his breakfast, Mrs. Peter had finished getting the children ready and was preparing herself for the holiday.

It was eleven o'clock when they rang the doorbell of the little, brown house of the Finnegan's. Mrs. Finnegan, herself, a pleasant, cheery, white-haired, old lady showed them in and took their wraps. Through the hallway came the most savory and Christmas-like smells one could imagine. Each of the children found himself the possessor of a long candy cane and a paper-wrapped package. Of course, there were presents for all, and Mr. Finnegan was so delighted with his hand-made woolen vest that he needs must try it on at once. Mr. Peters, thinking proudly of his wife's ability to pick out suitable presents for old and young alike, found he was the possessor of one of those inevitable ties.

By this time the children, although well brought up, were clamoring for something to eat. So they sat down to dinner. And such a dinner! A large roast goose lay sizzling in his bed of dressing and gravy. Cranberries, mashed potatoes, and baked apples were in sight. Mr. Finnegan said grace in a deep bass voice, thanking God for all the good things set before them. Finally the meal was started. Mrs. Finnegan beamed brightly on all and sundry, watching out especially for the children. When each thought he had had his fill, and the poor goose was but a skeleton of his former self, the dessert was brought on. Mr. Peters assured his hostess that her mince pie was just like those his mother used to make. Mrs. Peters, knowing he was in duty bound to say this, added her praises to those of her husband. When dinner was finished, Mr. Finnegan amused his guests with funny anecdotes of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. The children, who had long before risen from the table, played with the cat, "Old Tyke." The time passed quickly, with Mr. Finnegan playing his old accordion and the two ladies discussing the price of groceries and clothing.

Supper, a meal of left-overs, was eaten and cleared away. By ten o'clock the children were beginning to get tired and irritable, so the Peters bundled them up, and, with many a hearty good-bye, took leave of the old couple. By eleven o'clock the last of the children had been seen to bed and Mr. and Mrs. Peters had talked over the day at the Finnegans. Within a short time they, too, retired, and silence, broken only by an occasional snore, reigned over the Peters household for the rest of that Christmas day.

Elmer Merrimam



A Gift

GUY ANDERSON sat before a bare, old board table, his unshaven chin cupped in rough, grimy hands. The rays of a battered oil lamp fell upon his face, gaunt and dissipated, yet still giving evidence that once Andy had been handsome and manly.

A knock on the door brought the man to his feet, and a harsh voice called, "It's me, Andy." Quickly the door was unbarred and a rough specimen of manhood stepped in.

With an oath, Anderson snarled, "What made you so late and where is the rest of the gang?"

"I don't know," snapped the other. "D—n it, Andy, don't you know what night this is?"

For a fleeting moment the harsh lines of his face softened; then he answered, "Sure, Jake, I know."

A little later, the rest of the gang shuffled in, and for once the leader did not upbraid the late arrivals. Manhood sunk to its lowest level gathered around the table.

"Boys," began Anderson, "tonight is a big night for us. The elite will be out for the charity ball, and only kids and maids will be at home. We ought to make some big hauls," he finished.

With a curse, one exclaimed, "Won't they be surprised in the morning to find that Santa has come and gone and left them nothing?" A coarse laugh echoed through the bare room.

"Jake, you Bill, and Slim, take the Van der Griff job," instructed Anderson. "Harry and Tight Wad can take the Handely place, and I'll handle the Christey place alone."

The men separated for the night's work, and Anderson wound his way into the most fashionable part of the town. Walking down F Street, he paused in front of the most pretentious house on the street. The pause told him what he wanted. Only a dim light burned in the hallway; the rest of the place was in darkness. In a moment, when the street was deserted, he passed quickly to the rear of the house. Here only a faint light flickered in the third story.

With cat-like steps, the night prowler made his way up the fire escape. At the second floor he easily pried open a hall window. His right hand clasped the cold steel of a forty-five. Keeping in the shadows, he silently crept to a door of a bedroom. It was empty. A quick survey of the other rooms; no one about.

Stealthily he descended to the first floor. He quickly spanned the faint streak of hall light and paused in the doorway of what seemed to be a large room. A movement. Some one else was in the room. His grip tightened on the revolver. Into a shaft of moonlight stepped a fair haired child in a flowing white nightgown. A voice like that of a flower spoke, "Is that you, Santa Claus? Mother said you would come while I was asleep, but I just couldn't go to sleep," went on the child.

Only silence answered her. Again the sweet voice, a little louder this time. "Dear Santa Claus, aren't you here? I thought I heard you."

Before the man's face flashed the form of a dead woman and clasped close to her lifeless breast a baby silent also in death. Scalding hot tears rolled down his cheeks. Footsteps were heard above. With a blinding dash, he reached the child and for an instant, held her in his arms. But as the lights were switched on, only the child, standing in the center of the room, was revealed.

In the early hours of Christmas morning, a man, exhausted, footsore and weary, but with a light of newly found peace upon his face stumbled Home. A little child had led him.

Madeline H. Pritchard.

On Reading Christmas Stories

THREE is only one time in the whole year for reading Christmas stories, and that time is the Christmas season. You can begin as soon as the Thanksgiving dinner is over, provided it is cold enough outside and there is snow on the ground. It must be so cold that passers-by will have a bundled-up appearance, and there must be sufficient snow to hide every blade of grass, for even the slightest suggestion of weather other than very cold, blustery weather will ruin the best Christmas story.

Indoors everything must be comfortable. You must sit in a big, roomy chair beneath the mellow glow of a reading lamp. A hearth fire is quite necessary and there really should be a dog. Now, if you have chosen a book, you may begin.

It isn't hard to find a good book. Authors seem to be at their best during the holidays, and you may be sure that anything about Christmas written by a good author will prove worthy of his name. You might try "Old Christmas", by Washington Irving. This is the story of a Christmas spent in an old country manor house in England. "Lovable" is the only word I can think of to describe Irving's style, and if you haven't yet caught the Yuletide spirit, this story must give it to you.

Then there is Dickens, king of all authors when it comes to Christmas. None but he could put into words the exhilaration, the happiness, the pure joy of living, which belong to that day, and his Christmas dinners are enough to make anyone feel the pangs of hunger. One might almost say that Dickens put his whole stomach into his writing.

It is not so much what we read on Christmas; it is how we read it.

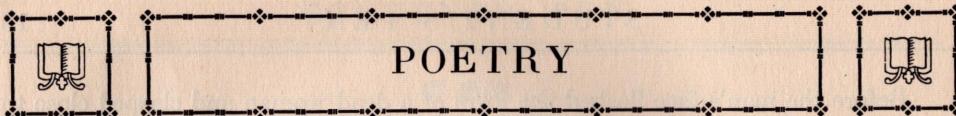
Wesley M. Noble.

A Star

A star
Brightly shining over the whole world.
I gaze and wonder.

A thought
Running through my mind endlessly,
"Is it the one?"

Marion Bastow



POETRY

The Tidings

Bells, bells, ring out
To the waiting world glad tidings
Of joy and happiness;
Ring out for mankind's sake.

Bells, bells, ring out,
For Christ, our King and Savior,
Is born this day of Mary;
Ring out in fuller, sweeter tones.

Ring, bells, ring,
Angel voices singing,
Peace to mankind bringing,
Tidings glad from heaven,
Christ is King of Kings.

Bells, bells, ring out,
That He may come to us
Our sins to cast away;
Ring in the Lord of all.

Harold Englemann.

I.

Christmas time is coming;
It's ringing in our ears.
All the homes about us
Are filled with Christmas cheers.

II

The snow coats thick the rooftops,
While in the windows 'round,
The Christmas trees are sagging
With presents loaded down.

Elizabeth Kelly, '28.



Carols

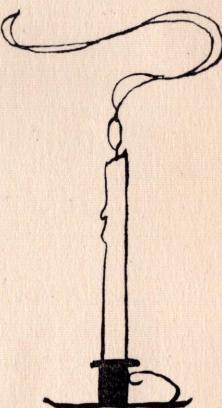
Softly thru the quiet night,
Softly to my listening ear,
Comes the sound of carolling,
Softly.

There is loving in the sound,
Healing in each silvery note,
Comfort for a troubled heart
In each song.

Songs of Jesus born again
In an humble manger crib,
Of the beauty and the peace
Of goodwill to men on earth.

Peace in the carols.
Peace in the soft singing of the Christmas song.

Marion Bastow.



Christmas

Christmas time, Christmas time!
Hearts are free from care;
Songs of happy carollers
Fill the frosty air.

Christmas time, Christmas time!
Hark! the echoes ring,—
While all men give reverence
To the new born King.

W. M. M.

The Sleighride

Slipping, sliding, gliding,
Over the silvery snow,
With first a gallop, and then a trot
And up the hill we go.

Singing, laughing, chattering,
Like a crowd of circus clowns
We have all forgotten our worries
And have left behind our frowns.

We sway to the right and left
As the old sleigh moves along,
And merrily chant a riddle or two
Or engage in a funny song.

And then as we reach our homes again,
And prepare to step from the sleigh
There is a jolly greeting awaiting us,
"Good night, good night"—then away.

M. Surrel, '28

Christmas Time

Cheerful are the hearts of men;
Happiness now reigns again.
Ring the bells in rhythmic time;
In the churches, let them chime.
Silent stars, with silver glow,
Twinkling beam on earth below.
Merry people, full of cheer,
And children's voices, sweet and clear,
Sing that Christmas time is here.

Thus, it is, our dear Christ's birth
In a manger, changed the earth!
Made our Christmas in all ways
Ever merriest of days!

Hazel Andrews, Com'l.

Tough Luck

The farm had yielded plenty
And Hiram needed cash;
His cart he loaded promptly,
Then started in a flash.

The oxen, fresh and eager,
Trudged along the way,
But as they neared the city,
Poor Hiram's face went gray.

There on a printed sign,
A thing which caused no smiles,
His eyes beheld this line,
"Speed limit, fifteen miles!"

His features wore a frown;
His whip he tried to snap,
But gave up with a groan,
"By heck! I can't make that."

Herman Lundberg.



BOOK REVIEWS

Profundities

WHETHER it is more difficult to express the profound and exalted than the commonplace in poetry, is a matter of opinion. Nevertheless, it is not usual to find a book of poems dealing with the profundities of life. Alfred Noyes, an English poet of established reputation, has written, as the second part of his epic, "The Torch Bearers", a distinctive volume called "The Book of Earth." There is in "The Book of Earth" much of beauty, wisdom, and truth; and the poet's purpose is that of the great geniuses of the world he tells of, to find the secret of life. As "Watchers of the Sky", the first volume of "The Torch Bearers", deals with those who have sought to know the mystery of the heavens, so "The Book of Earth" tells of the men from Pythagoras to Darwin, who have studied and striven to lift the curtain from the mystery of life.

Although in the prologue one is dazzled by a superfluity of adjectives used in describing the Grand Canyon, the author, in the other poems, shows a more mature and more skilled restraint. One of the things for which Alfred Noyes is known and liked is his musical rhythm, which has made his work as popular with the people as with those who appreciate fine literature. Although the majesty and dignity of the poem on Pythagoras is unparalleled, and the dream of Avicenna is hauntingly lovely and unforgettable, Noyes reaches his greatest height in "Leonardo da Vinci." The artist talks to the beautiful nun whose portrait he had painted and called the "Mona Lisa." Her baffling and mysterious smile he interprets as mockery of the futility of life, and scorn for the short-lived passions of men.

Madge Tompkins.

"Told by an Idiot"

"Life is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury;
Signifying nothing."

—Shakespeare.

THE Victorians ask of the Edwardians, "What is the younger generation coming to?" until the Edwardians become parents and ask the same question of the Georgians. To represent the people of these different periods we have, in this interesting book, "Told by an Idiot," the clearly drawn characters of a Victorian family. Of these I liked best Rome, the Victorian, who looked at life from the side, studied it, understood it, but never lived, and Imogene, the Georgian, who drifted as fate willed, lived an imaginary life in a world of her own, and woke up too late. The characters are so real that I feel the author knew each one. Some she has made over, but most of them are remarkably human. There is no excitement in this book, no adventure but that greatest of all adventures, and there is neither hero nor heroine. It is a book of common incidents and the reaction of human people to these incidents. It is a book of life.

M. A. Bastow.

The Keeper of the Bees

"THE Keeper of the Bees", written by Gene Stratton Porter, coming to us as her last literary contribution, ought to hold for us especial interest. Upon Mrs. Porter's death it was found that she had nearly completed a new novel and that we might be able to enjoy it, her daughter arranged with a friend of her mother's who is, by the way, a well known author to finish the uncompleted manuscript. And thus, we have "The Keeper of the Bees" with its plot nearly as the great naturalist-author planned it.

It is a story whose characters seem to us very real. We can actually see before us Jamie MacFarlane, the war veteran whose health has been seriously impaired by the war, making his escape from the hospital where the doctors had, because of their inability to cure him, embittered him towards them and medicine in general. He wanders aimlessly away from the hospital and reaches the home of an aged man whose sole means of support is the honey obtained from his bees. The "Bee-Master" as he is called, has a little partner whose real identity is carefully withheld by the author until the end. The Bee-Master is taken suddenly ill and Jamie, in whom the Bee-Master has placed his entire confidence, becomes the "keeper of the bees", with "Little Scout" as his partner. His trials and his interesting experience gained from taking care of the bees serve as the plot for the story.

I am quite sure that the "little scout's" actions and funny sayings will fascinate you and furnish wholesome reading as well. The "Storm Girl" and Margaret Cameron will delight you. In the "Keeper of the Bees", Mrs. Porter has developed an unusually interesting theme. So popular is this book, that it has been reproduced for the moving pictures. I believe, however, that in the picture many of the more important details have been omitted, thus allowing the story to lose a great deal of its unique quality.

Ione C. Howard, '26.

The Glory Hole

STEWART EDWARD WHITE has written of the lumber woods, of the far North, of California and the West, of mystery and adventure, and now he has directed all his skill and abilities accumulated through many years to a novel of people. He has written of their outward, visible traits and actions, and their inward thoughts and feelings. It is very evident that White understands human nature.

The Glory Hole was recommended to me as a good book. I judged from its title that it was a war story. However, I came to the end without finding any allusion to the war; indeed, I could see no reason for such a title. Then, in turning the pages in the front, I came upon a definition on an otherwise blank page: "Glory hole—a small window through which one may look into the interior of a furnace." That was all. No one can know what was in the author's mind when he named his book. Perhaps he considered his experience in life as a small window through which he saw the smoldering, flaming, and dying emotions of the world. Perhaps he was

considering it from the point of view of one of his characters, an old philosopher, who looked on at life, taking little active part, but thinking on what he saw. At any rate, it is an interesting and thought-inspiring title.

The plot of the story is simple. A family in moderate circumstances is left a vast fortune. They react to it differently, according to their individual characters. It is a natural plot developed in a natural way. Ezekiel Kirby II, nicknamed "Zozo" by his French nurse, is brought up to inherit the ten millions of his Uncle Ezekiel. Every hour of his life is mapped out for him, every minute of his time accounted for. He sleeps, eats, studies, and plays as regularly as clock work. He is in the process of being cultivated, made cultured, a proper person to inherit such wealth, and his personality is warped by the experience. His own thoughts are rebuked. He is most stupidly reared. When the fortune finally falls to the Kirbys, Mrs. Kirby is drunk with wealth. She gives elaborate dinners, dances, and receptions. She builds a palatial residence and strains every effort to live in a manner which she considers fitting for her position. Her husband is overwhelmed by his wealth, weighed down by it. He wonders why he is not happy when every thing that money can buy is within his reach. The affairs of the Kirbys reach a climax and break; then each individual picks up the pieces of his life and arranges them again.

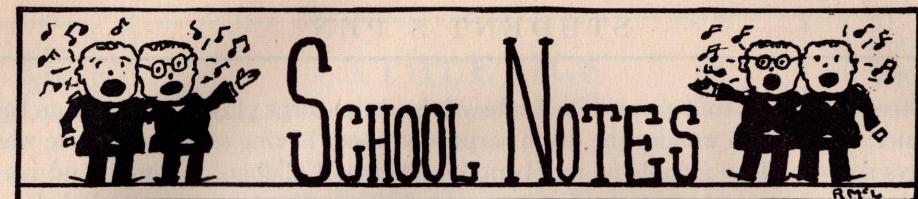
The outline of the plot sounds rather depressing, but the book is not. It contains a great deal of interest, some humor and what is most essential, it ends, if not happily, at least satisfactorily.

The Beauty of the Purple

To the boy or girl of high school age who revels in the mystery and romance of the ancient world, "The Beauty of the Purple", by William Stearns Davis, offers a rich play ground for the imagination. Although Mr. Davis is the author of numerous histories, and histories are inclined to be a bit dry and uninteresting, no trace of dryness can be found in this, his latest novel. The author has exerted all his powers to create a vivid romance of the past.

It is a tale told of a peasant boy, Leo, who, according to prophecy, rose to the position of Emperor of the Roman World. The story of how he was promoted from a Protector to commander-in-chief of the whole vast army, and was finally proclaimed Basileus, through the plottings of the state's enemies, in itself would be worth-while and interesting, but interwoven with this plot is a stirring romance between this young upstart and Anthusa Maria, daughter of a lowly philosopher and instructor. In no other manner could the everyday life of the citizens of Constantinople be more clearly pictured than by depicting the trials of Anthusa and her family because of her love for Leo. Introducing common homely characters, both evil and good, the author has conceived and written a story of unusual merit.

Marion Simmons.



The Senior Hop

Friday, December 4th, was a "gala day" for the Seniors. At the Girls' League gymnasium from 8 to 11.30 in the evening, the best Senior Hop in our school's history took place. "Hal" Silvernail's Melodians furnished music that appealed to everyone. The hall was decorated very attractively in blue and white, the senior class colors. In one corner the chaperons and the guests were furnished with comfortable chairs. During intermission, refreshments consisting of ice cream, cookies, and punch were served.

The chaperons were Dr. and Mrs. John F. Gannon, Principal and Mrs. Roy M. Strout, Principal and Mrs. John Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Goodwin, Miss Ruth E. Clifford, class advisor of the senior class of Central High, and Miss Katherine Baker, class advisor of the senior class of Commercial. Members of the school committee and the members of the faculty of both buildings were invited guests.

Those in charge of arrangements for the Hop were the Chairman and assistants of the committees, under the general chairmanship of Victor Blais. The Chairmen of the various committees were: refreshments, Miss Marion Barbour; checking, Francis Campion; music, Morris Poch; decorating, Lawrence Goodeau; and publicity, Clarence Trudell. The class officers were the members of the Reception Committee.

The Drury Assembly

In the history of the world there have been many attempts made to promote international friendship and harmony. There are two famous meetings of such a nature, which will go down in history along with the Hague Conference, the gathering at Versailles, and the Disarmament Conference at Washington. They are the recent exchange of musical assemblies between Pittsfield High and Drury High of North Adams. In return for our program given at Drury, one of the best entertainments ever presented to the students of this school was furnished by our ancient athletic rival. On Friday, November 20th, we assembled in the auditorium, the crowded condition of which would convince any building committee of the great need of a new high school. But we did not mind the crowding, so eager were we to hear our North Berkshire friends. The Vice-Principal of Drury, Mr. Thomas, in response to Mr. Strout's introduction, expressed his satisfaction with the idea of exchanging our programs. Mr. Thomas, himself, is a musician of ability and showed this by playing a very clever and amusing selection on a pencil. Mr. James Morley Chambers, musical director at the North Adams school, then took charge, and acted as accompanist for all the numbers except the drum corps. The latter was the first number and the corps surely deserved all the applause it received. Four vocal selections, two soprano solos by Miss Canidy and two contralto solos by Miss

Spitzer, were very well given. The leader of the drum corps played two solos on the cornet, and it is no wonder the drum corps is so good, having as its leader one who plays so well. Two xylophone numbers, by Thomas Callahan, followed, and here again the great applause was well deserved. The program was concluded by another selection by the drum corps. But ask any one of the boys, what was the best number on the entire program, and it would be a pretty safe guess that he would answer, "The Drum Major." Speaking seriously, however, Drury has some fine musicians; we only wish the band and the orchestra could have come, too.

Rally for St. Joseph's and Drury Games

On Wednesday, November 25th, an attempt in the form of an assembly, was made to arouse interest and spirit for two of the most important football games of the season, namely, the contest for the city championship with St. Joseph's High School and the one for the county championship with Drury. The manager of the team, Carmen Massimiano, acted as chairman. Miss Power, a member of the faculty assured us that the teachers were behind us and hoped with all their might that we would be victorious in both games. Harriet Moses, representing the girls of the school, urged us to show our spirit. Then, as no athletic rally would be complete without a few words from the coach, Mr. Carmody told us that we had all the necessary pep and spirit, but many of us were afraid to show it. Lawyer Alberti, an alumnus of P. H. S. and manager of the basketball team which won such fame in 1914, related some very interesting events which occurred during his high school career, especially in connection with athletics. Several announcements, such as the decision as to the field on which the Drury game would be played, were made by Mr. Strout. After we had been thoroughly inspired with the true football spirit, the assembly was concluded and school was dismissed for the Thanksgiving Holidays.

Household Arts Department

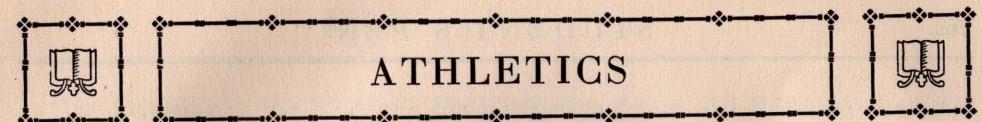
On Thursday, November 19th, the Household Arts Department of the school served a dinner to fifty-one members of the Rotary Club of this city. Sixteen tables, forming the Rotarian circle, were arranged in the lunch room, prettily decorated and carrying out the Rotarian color scheme, blue and yellow.

A very appetizing dinner was served which consisted of five courses. The menu being: fruit cup, bouillon, roast veal and dressing, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, French peas, rolls and butter, French fruit pudding with French sauce, coffee, and salted nuts.

This dinner which was prepared by the girls, under the supervision of Miss Gerrett, Miss Erhart, and Miss Lanoue, was a great success.

In the cooking classes of the Household Arts Department the last two weeks before Christmas will be devoted to making Christmas candy, and, in the sewing class the time will be spent in making Christmas gifts.

Mildred Brewster, Mary Musgrove. "H. H. A. D."



P. H. S. Conquers Dalton

Saturday, November 21st, Pittsfield High won from Dalton on the Common by a score of 13 to 6. "Billy" Whalen, who, it was thought at first, would be out for the rest of the season on account of injuries, celebrated his return to the game by making Pittsfield's first touchdown. Neither team was able to score during the first half, but in the third period when Williams, the Dalton fullback, punted to Pittsfield's thirty-five yard line, Whalen, coming in on the run, gathered in the pigskin and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. A point was then added on a forward pass, Price to Sullivan.

In the last quarter Dalton had a chance to tie the score, as "Billy" Glendon caught a pass from Williams and went over the goal line for a touchdown. On the try for the extra point, however, Murphy's kick was effectively blocked, thereby leaving Pittsfield in the lead, 7 to 6. A few minutes of playing time remained when Combs added another 6 points on a touchdown.

Dalton, after receiving the kickoff, tried three forward passes without success. Williams then tossed a pass to Fahey, who ran the ball to midfield before he was downed. Just as the game ended, Combs intercepted a Dalton pass on the Pittsfield ten yard line.

Pittsfield Wins City Title

On Thanksgiving morning P. H. S. defeated their ancient rivals, St. Joseph's, by the score of 13 to 0, thereby winning the city's football championship. Pittsfield showed its ability in the art of throwing forward passes when two touchdowns were scored by the aerial route. The first touchdown came as a result of a forward pass from Garrison to Combs. Ted then sent a perfect drop kick between the goal posts, but it did not count as there was holding on the Pittsfield line.

Opening the second half, Whalen and Pomeroy were rushed in at quarterback and fullback respectively. Pomeroy here showed his effectiveness as a line plunger when he went thru the St. Joseph's defense for several neat gains.

One of the prettiest plays of the contest came toward the latter part of the game when Pittsfield's flashy quarterback, "Billy" Whalen, heaved a forward pass for thirty yards, which Ted Combs caught while on the run and raced twenty yards for his second touchdown. He also added another point on a drop kick.

The boys from the parochial school were somewhat lighter in weight than the Pittsfield team, so they resorted to the use of many forward passes, which resulted in several good gains for them. However, P. H. S. saw to it that St. Joseph's did not score. Thus Pittsfield has kept its football slate clean against its city rival for two successive years.

P. H. S. 0—Drury 0

For the second time this year P. H. S. battled Drury to a scoreless tie Saturday, November 28th, on the Common, before a crowd of about five thousand persons. Thus the Berkshire County High School Football League title will remain a tie between P. H. S. and Drury as neither team tasted defeat, although Pittsfield won one more game than Drury.

Drury threatened to score in the fourth period once, trying a goal from placement from the twenty-five yard line, but Captain Belouin's kick was wide. Many passes were attempted by both teams, but not one was caught. Nolan for Pittsfield outpunted Roche for Drury.

Scully made some good gains around our right end, but was always tossed for a loss when he tried to get around our left end.

Garner, Combs and Captain Whalen turned in some good plays for Pittsfield. Our all Berkshire Center, Price, lived up to his reputation, playing a whale of a defensive game.

Pomeroy and Garrison were Pittsfield's best ground gainers. Scully, one of the best backs in the county, was able to get away for a few good gains, although on most occasions he was downed for losses ranging from five to ten yards.

The following is the Berkshire County High School Football League standing at the close of the season:

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Ties</i>	<i>Points</i>
Pittsfield,	5	0	2	1.000
Drury,	4	0	3	1.000
Adams,	3	1	1	.750
Dalton,	3	2	0	.600
Lee,	2	4	0	.333
St. Joseph's,	1	5	0	.167
Williamstown,	0	6	0	.000

Pittsfield High will lose Sullivan, Potter, MacIntosh, Garner, Nolan, Weiner, and Whalen by graduation in February or June. Price is only a junior but he expects to go to a preparatory school next fall. The line will suffer the most by graduation, but Coach Carmody will have Pomeroy, Combs, Ano, Garrison, Foster, and Hebert from whom to pick the 1926 backfield, a fine collection. Almstead, Chester, Singer, Dellert, and Learned are the most promising linemen remaining in school.

The following is the Student's Pen's selection for an All Berkshire football team:

First Team

Garner—Pittsfield, l.e.
Crosier—Drury, l.t.
Price—Pittsfield, l.g.
Fahey—Dalton, c.
Belouin—Drury, r.g.
Czaja—Adams, r.t.
Prevey—Drury, r.e.
Whalen—Pittsfield, q.b.
Scully—Drury, l.h.b.
Glendon—Dalton, r.h.b.
Pomeroy—Pittsfield, f.b.

Second Team

Almstead—Pittsfield, r.e.
Murphy—Dalton, r.t.
Nolan—Pittsfield, r.g.
Accetta—Drury, c.
Roche—Drury, l.g.
Chester—Pittsfield, l.t.
Sullivan—Pittsfield, l.e.
Bouchard—Drury, q.b.
Garrison—Pittsfield, r.h.b.
Ashkar—Drury, l.h.b.
Hayden—Lee, f.b.

Congratulations

"The Willistonian" has the following to say about Norman Hollister, P. H. S. 1925, who played center on the Williston football team this fall:

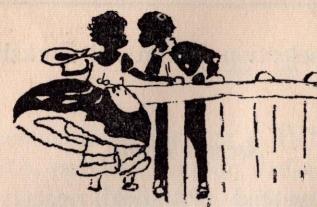
"One may rave about the infinite grit of some Harvard football player, another may elaborate on the indomitable spirit and courage of a Yale gridster, but when a man can be out of practice for a period of over a week with a misplaced bone in his foot, and then enter a game at the end of this time and win the admiration of his entire school, he deserves a place with the best of them. We have such a man at Williston. Doff your hats, men!"

"The man who has one of the most important, one of the most difficult positions to play on our team is Norm Hollister of Pittsfield. This good-natured, popular fellow is a center of the nth degree, and is one of the 'grittiest' men on the squad. 'Norm' has two years of experience as a center behind him at Pittsfield High and has rounded into an ultra-excellent man under the coaching of the ever capable Clifford T. Crowther. His 'fight' in the Middlebury game, his all-perfect playing, and the fact that he played the entire game at center with a dislocated bone in his foot, proves his worth."

Gleaned from Examination Papers

Catherine the Great was the wisest of women. She wrote flattering letters to the men.

A "Turkish night" is a clear night with a quarter moon.
The capital of Holland is Hades.



Exchanges

A.M.C.

With Our Neighbors

"*The Tabula*," Torrington, Conn.—Your commencement number was excellent. We think the class prophecy particularly original. Your cuts are very good. Why not give your exchanges ideas on how to improve their magazines?

"*The Jeffersonian*," Edgerton Park, Rochester, N. Y.—You have a very fine Literary Department. Why not enlarge your magazine by establishing an Editorial and an Exchange Department? We miss a "Table of Contents" page.

"*The Liberas*," Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.—You have a very well balanced paper. Your Literary Department is exceptionally good.

"*The Exponent*," Greenfield, Mass.—You had a fine commencement number. Why not have some jokes? We think you would find an Exchange Department beneficial.

"*Hardwickian*," Hardwick, Vt.—You have a well edited magazine, but we think that there is not enough material in your paper. Get your students to stand behind you.

"*The Pen*," Bridgeport, Conn.—You are to be congratulated on your cuts. They certainly are fine. We enjoy reading very much your two departments, "They Tell Me" and "Do You Believe." Your story, "Foul Play," was worth reading.

"*Red and Black*," Claremont, N. H.—You have some good stories, but there are not enough of them. You have excellent cuts and your artists are to be congratulated. Why not introduce a Joke Department?

"*Crimson and White*," Albany, N. Y.—You have a very good Joke Department, but would it not improve it greatly, if you kept your advertisements out of it? Your Literary Department is well developed. Why not improve your others?

Gray—A Prose Poem

Adull, gray day....The clouds hang low between us and the hills; a leaden sky crushes one's spirit to the depths; a few drab leaves still cling to the bare branches, and the only sound that breaks the stillness is the incongruously cheerful chirp of the few draggled sparrows, hopping dispiritedly about the heaps of rain-soaked leaves! Depression absolute!

Far on the hills, the heavy clouds lift for a revealing moment. A dazzling burst of golden light, which fills one with the high exaltation of beauty, bathes the weary earth with glory. Then the gray curtain falls again—gray evening follows leaden day. Infinite wonder and beauty in the color of gray! *Madge Tompkins, '26.*

We gratefully acknowledge the following newspapers:

"*West High Tatler*,"—West High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

"*Wind Mill*,"—Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

"*Spectator*,"—Chicopee High School, Chicopee, Mass.

"*Blue and White Banner*,"—Putnam High School, Putnam, Conn.

"*The Torch*,"—Bayonne High School, Bayonne, N. J.

"*Blue and Gold*,"—Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

"*C. H. S. Chatter*,"—Central High School, Clearwater, Fla.

"*Reflector*,"—Jackson High School, Jackson Mich.

"*The Record*,"—Mamaroneck Junior and Senior High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

"*Exponent*,"—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

"*Wampus*,"—Boonton High School, Boonton, N. J.

"*The Chronicle*,"—Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

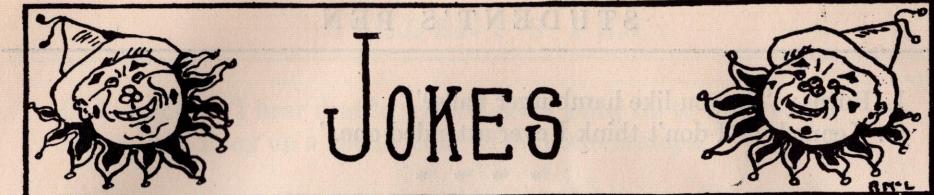
At Home

You have an excellent paper, but why not make some comments on your exchanges?—"Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.

NOTE:—We suggest that the "Red and Black" read our Exchange Department.

Your Exchange Department is excellent. The "Looking Out the Window" and "Looking in the Window" are fine. Our only suggestion is that you use more cuts.—"The Pen" Bridgeport, Conn.

Your poetry is very good. But how about a few more cuts? Having book reviews is an excellent idea.—"The Hardwickian," Hardwick, Vt.



JOKES

J. Novick: "Here comes Miss Casey in her auto trying to pass us."

Connally: "Don't let her pass us; she never passed me."

* * * *

K. Shepardson: "Why do you call your girl a jewel?"

J. MacIntosh: "Because she is always hanging on my neck."

* * * *

Waitress: The money you gave me for your bill includes nothing for the waiter."

J. Harding: "I didn't eat one, did I?"

* * * *

E. Lipschitz: "I think she's just as pretty as she can be."

M. Nealon: "Most girls are."

* * * *

A. Columbia: "I've just had my watch fixed and it's still wrong."

M. Maher: "Why? What's the matter with it?"

Alice: "It's pointing to noon and it's midnight!"

* * * *

Harry Ferro: "You look charming to-night."

G. Genest: "Stop your joking."

Ferro: "You really do. I hardly recognized you at first."

* * * *

W. Yates: "When charity is needed, I'm always the first to put my hand in my pocket."

B. Goodwin: "Yeh, and you keep it there."

* * * *

G. Genest (reading sign over box office): "Oh, Harry, it says, 'Entire Second Balcony forty cents'. Let's get it. Then we'll be all alone."

* * * *

Two Spinsters were planning for the holidays.

"Anne", said one, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for Christmas?"

"No," was the prompt response, "but a pair of socks would!"

* * * *

"Any part of the city for fifty cents!" yelled the taxi driver.

"You can't sting me again," retorted Silas. "I bought the City Hall last year and they wouldn't give it to me."

* * * *

K. Gregory: "I don't see any park here."

H. Garrison: "That's simple. There isn't any."

K. Gregory: "Then why does that sign say, 'Park Here'?"

L. Burns: "Do you like hamburger balls?"
 G. Kennedy: "I don't think I ever attended one."

* * * *

C. Sullivan: "What do you mean by telling her I'm a fool?"
 Bill Pomeroy: "I'm sorry—I didn't know it was a secret."

* * * *

College Graduate: "Have you an opening for a bright energetic college graduate?"

Employer: "Yes, and don't slam it on your way out."

* * * *

Miss Jordan: "William, the Conqueror, landed in England in 1066 A. D.
 What does A. D. stand for?"

D. Musgrove: "After dark."

* * * *

Old gentleman: "Yes, my boy, when I was your age, I could run one hundred yards in ten seconds."

Skeptical youth: "What did they use to time you with in those days, sun dials?"

* * * *

P. Garden: "Say, waiter, will you please close that window?"

Waiter: "Is there a draft?"

P. Garden: "Well, not exactly, but it's the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate."

* * * *

Miss Mills: "When did Vergil die?"

B. Nolan: "51 A. B."

Miss Mills: "Don't you mean B. C.?"

Bob: "No, A. B. fifty one years after birth."

* * * *

Mr. Russell: "This gas is deadly poison. What steps would you take if it should escape?"

C. Massimiano: "Long ones."

* * * *

Miss Mills: "Who played the violin while Rome burned?"

A. Rose: "Hector."

Miss Mills: "No."

Arnold: "Towser."

Miss Mills: "Towser! What do you mean? It was Nero."

Arnold: "Well, I knew it was some lady with a dog's name."

G. Laramee: "I hear that letter postage is going up to three cents."
 Houser: "I'll lay up a goodly store of two cent stamps."

* * * *

G. Rice: "What are you taking up?"

B. Lipschitz: "Space."

* * * *

A stout woman drove up to a filling station.

"I want two quarts of oil," she said.

"What kind, heavy?" asked the attendant.

"Say, don't get fresh with me," was the response.

* * * *

Miss Powers: "Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

Millet: "Unquestionably."

Miss Powers: "What is it?"

Millet: "I just told you."

* * * *

E. Green: "You can't fish there without a permit."

Ted Childs: "I can manage very well with just a worm."

* * * *

Mrs. Trudell (to Clarence packing his bag for a week-end trip): "Clarence, you haven't put in any soap."

Clarence: "Soap! I'm going for a vacation."

* * * *

L. Brewer: "What do you consider the most warlike nation?"

Bob Pomeroy: "Oh, vaccination. It's nearly always in arms."

* * * *

Employer: "What are your qualifications for an executive?"

Tabor: "Watch this frown!"

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett (after describing the battle of Hastings): "What is the next important date?"

B. Prodgers (waking up): "Wednesday night."

* * * *

E. Lapham: "Give me the name of an auto that starts with 'T'?"

L. Polly: "Twitchakiding. They all use gasoline."

* * * *

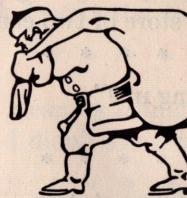
F. Carpenter: "Love thy brother as thyself."

Leo Shepardson: "Aw, he'd get a swelled head."

* * * *

Mr. Murray: "I want everyone to study his English. If you have any questions to ask, please do so."

Sharo: "What time do we have the assembly?"



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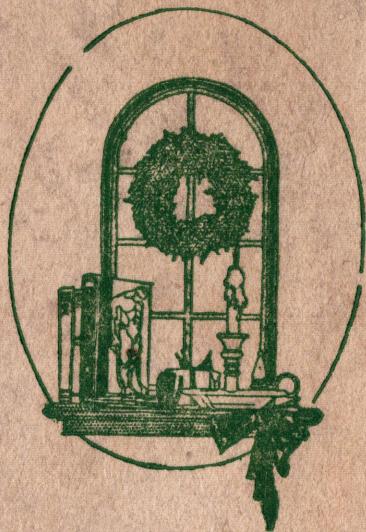
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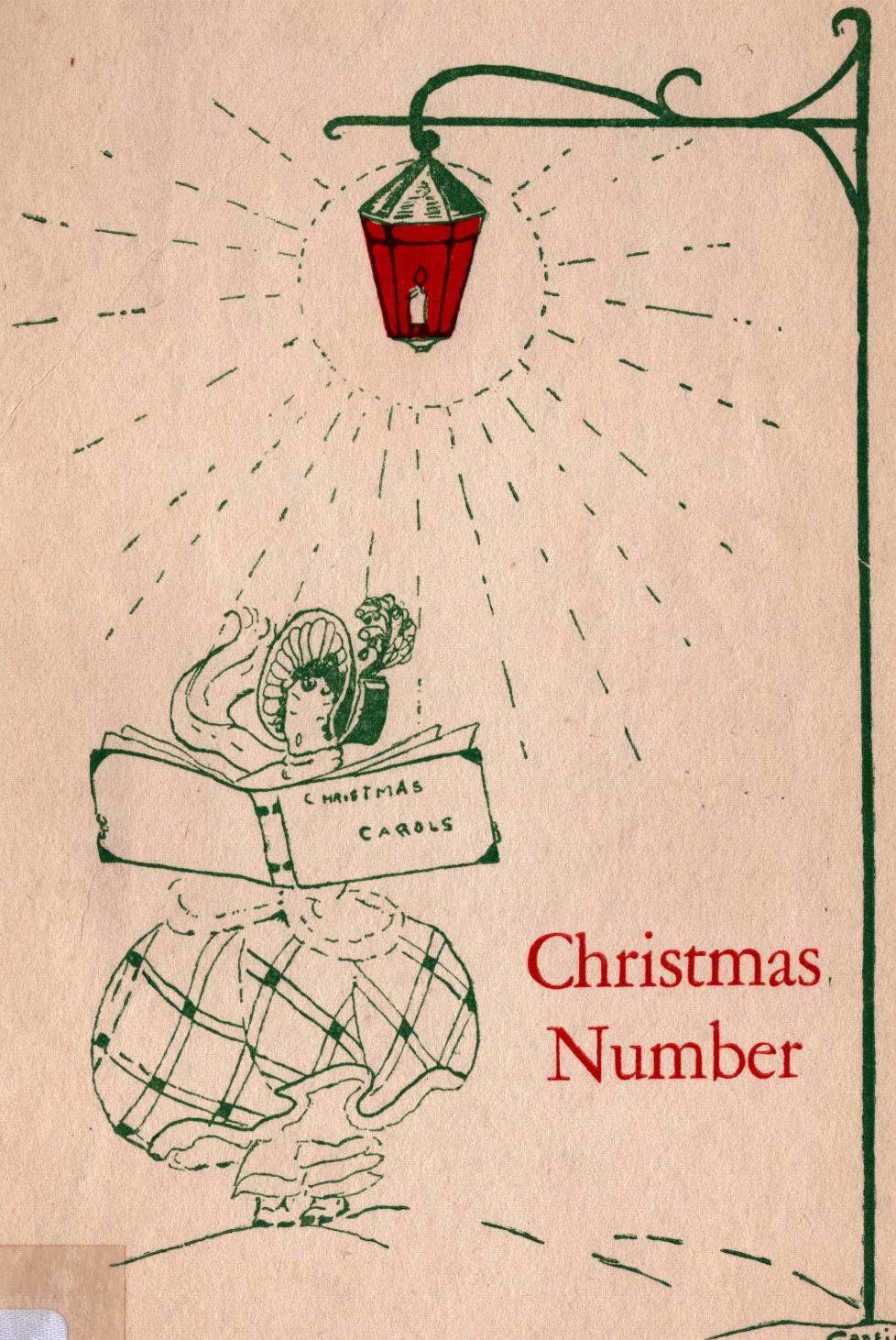


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